$2.00 " year

NOVEMBER, 1952

# The Liberalist

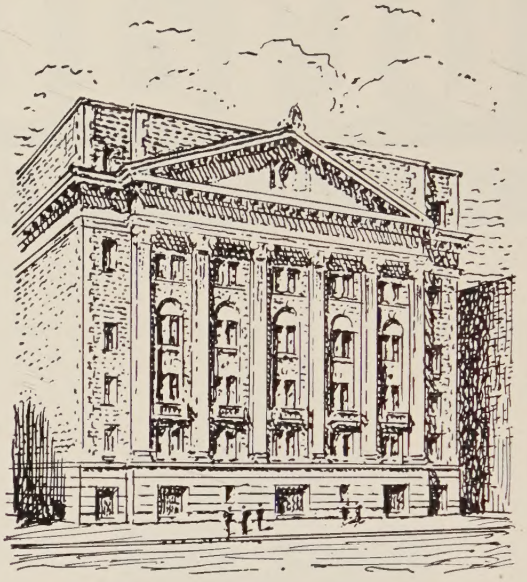
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

*From*

## A TE DEUM OF THE COMMONPLACE

For all the wonders of this wondrous world:
The pure pearl splendors of the coming day,
The breaking east—the rosy flush—the dawn,
For that bright gem in morning's coronal,
That one lone star that gleams above the glow;
For that high glory of the impartial sun—
The golden noonings big with promised life;
The matchless pageant of the evening skies,
The wide-flung gates—the gleams of Paradise,
Supremest visions of Thine artistry;
The sweet, soft gloaming, and the friendly stars;
The vesper stillness, and the creeping shades;
The moon's pale majesty; the pulsing dome,
Wherein we feel Thy great heart throbbing near;
For sweet laborious days and restful nights;
For work to do, and strength to do the work;
We thank Thee, Lord!

John Oxenham



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

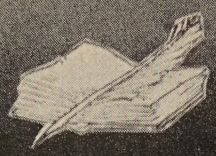
**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



*Volume XXIX* *November, 1952* *Number 8*

# ALONG THE WAY

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

IN LAST month's *Along the Way,* I fully intended to tell you about my birthday observance, but I ran out of space. Even though it is many weeks past now, several people since my return have asked me how I spent the day. My family always made the 18th day of August an important day. With the exception of the year 1932, for 35 years I have spent the day on the Island. In 1932 Mother, Jimmy and I were in Stratford-on-Avon, and I had my birthday dinner at a lovely old English inn called "Welcome Inn," a few miles out of Stratford. 1949 was the first birthday without Mother and 1950 was the first birthday without Jimmy. In 1951 about 50 friends gathered on the Island for my birthday, each trying to bring happiness to me on a very sad day, for it was my first in many years being alone. This year, Monday, the 18th of August, found us again in Stratford.

We had spent Sunday, the 17th, at Manchester College, Oxford, at the closing meeting of the International Congress of Free Religion, which had taken us to Oxford for the week. In the afternoon we had attended the chapel at Christ Church College, which is the Cathedral Church of the City of Oxford. It was a most impressive service, particularly the music, which was given by a choir composed of men students. During the summer we had attended the Evensong in Canterbury Cathedral, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, and in Westminster Abbey. In all of these services there was no sermon, but the ancient and traditional ritualism of the Anglican Church was sufficient to elevate our minds and lift our thoughts. All about one in the historic churches and cathedrals, in such a service, one feels the cumulative influences of time itself.

Shortly after breakfast on my birthday we left by automobile for Stratford upon Avon, passing through some of the loveliest countryside in all England. We were accompanied by the Rev. George Grieve and his fiancee, Miss Joyce Grudgings. We arrived shortly after noon and were soon located in the Red Horse Hotel. The hotel is situated in the very heart of Stratford, not far from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and Shakespeare's birthplace, and a short walk from Trinity Church where the Poet is buried. That evening I had my birthday dinner in the hotel, just the four of us being present. At first I thought

we might go out to "Welcome Inn," where I had observed my birthday with Mother and Jimmy in 1932, but we decided to remain in Stratford and I am glad we did. The memories of other birthdays on the Island were too acute and returning to "Welcome Inn" would have only added to the nostalgia.

After dinner we walked along the banks of the Avon to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. I remember my first impression of the new theatre, which I visited shortly after its dedication many years ago. It looks more like a factory building than it does a theatre and architecturally it leaves much to be desired. But when once one has crossed the threshold into the theatre one realizes how much careful consideration was given to the interior. I have seldom visited a more comfortable and spacious theatre. The theatre itself is not large. There is a main floor and a balcony and my recollection is that it has about 1500 seats. Every seat is a good seat and the acoustics are faultless. There is a pleasant foyer and, as in most English theatres, there is available tea and coffee, as well as a perfectly appointed bar. Outside there is a terrace overlooking the Avon where, on lovely summer nights, the patrons stroll or sit at little tables drinking tea and discussing the play between the acts.

The Shakespeare Festival this year was the most successful in the history of the theatre. We had booked our seats in March, and the theatre was completely sold out at each performance all through the season.

We were fortunate in seeing the play Macbeth on my birthday night. I have seen the play often on both sides of the Atlantic, but never such a performance as we saw that night. Sir Ralph Richardson did the part of Macbeth and Margaret Leighton was Lady Macbeth. It was done with a paucity of scenery and every member of the cast seemed to be the living, vital character being portrayed. I have never spent a more satisfactory evening in the theatre. I suppose that part of our enthusiasm and appreciation was due to the fact that we were seeing the play in the birthplace of the one who wrote it and within only a short distance from where he sleeps under the chancel of Trinity Church.

After the play was over we strolled along the Avon back to our hotel. The intellectual and esthetic stimulus of an evening with Shakespeare, the environment in which we were and the memories which crowded our minds all contributed to the building of another birthday memory as I began my 65th year of life.

I received many birthday cards and greetings at Stratford from friends and loved ones in the United States. June had found a very lovely and practical leather cigar case in Oxford which she gave me. The Rev. Mr. Grieve and Miss Grudgings presented me with two books which I had expressed a desire to have, and Mr. George B. Horscroft, my architect friend in Belfast, sent me two books also, by Simone Weil: "Waiting on God" and "The Need for Roots." I am most grateful to all who sent me birthday greetings, most of which were waiting for me on our arrival in Chicago.

I seldom use the word "age." I much prefer the word "maturity." Birthdays are lovely days, but we should not pay too much attention to how many we have had. I have often thought that one's birthday is really the beginning of the new year, and I think of every birthday as a New Year's day.

* * *

The day after my birthday was a very busy day for us in Stratford upon Avon. We walked out through The Fields toward Shottery, where is lo-

cated the lovely flower-decked cottage of Ann Hathaway. Coming back, we visited Stratford's Public Library. In fact, I have made it a point always, wherever I am, either in the United States or Europe, of always visiting the public library. I consider the public library one of our most valuable institutions, and have served now longer than any other person in its history as a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library.

The public library in Stratford is housed in an old building alongside Shakespeare's birthplace, and is of the same vintage. There I found the gracious and most hospitable librarian, Dr. Westwood. He is a man of great culture and an authority in English literature. He was very gracious, showed us throughout the building and spoke of the plans for the future of the library. He also showed us some very rare and interesting old volumes and manuscripts which the library has.

In the evening we went to see the play in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, "Coriolanus," a play by Shakespeare which I had never read and never seen and which is not often produced in the theatre. It was quite unlike the other Shakespearean dramas, had much more action and much less philosophy in the speeches. As I strolled among the thearte-goers between the acts, the comments were about evenly divided about the play. Some liked it and some didn't, and one gentleman whom I did not know, but who appeared to be a man of erudition and one familiar with Shakespeare, expressed it as his opinion that Shakespeare never wrote the play. It is not a play one would want to see often, as is true of most Shakespearean plays. We go to see Hamlet, the Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream as often as opportunity permits, but I would not care to see "Coriolanus" again. I was tremendously impressed with the acting and interpretative ability of each member of the cast. No wonder the finest theatre in the world is the English theatre, for their actors and actresses are schooled and disciplined and prepared for the theatre as they certainly are not in the United States. There is less type casting and there are many more opportunities for work in the theatre. In the City of London, when we were there, there were 31 plays going on at the same time. At the same time in the City of Chicago there were three. I remember hearing Sir Forbes Robertson say once in a lecture in Orchestra Hall, and he was probably the most intellectual of all the Hamlets, that when Shakespeare ceased to be played there would be no theatre. Young people in Great Britain have a greater opportunity to learn the theatre earlier and more substantially than the young people in the United States. This is to be regretted. In England there are hundreds of Little Theatres, where they make their own costumes, their own scenery, and build the production from the very beginning.

We left Stratford reluctantly, driving to Southampton by way of Leamington, Warwick and Coventry. In Warwick is the beautiful castle of the Earl of Warwick, which we visited; while the center of our interest in Coventry was the Cathedral, a cathedral now in name only, for only the walls remain. I preached in Warwick years ago at our Unitarian Church there, when the Reverends Wilma and William Constable were the pastors. Mr. and Mrs. Constable for the last few years have been the ministers of our church in Orlando, Florida, and in appreciation for their ten years of service there, their congregation sent them to Great Britain for the summer.

We renewed our friendship in Ox-

ford, and one of the pleasantest memories of our whole summer is the time we spent with them in Oxford.

The Cathedral at Coventry was completely destroyed in that terrific bombing which Coventry received. They cleared out the debris, leveled the floor and planted it with grass. There is no roof but the sky, and where the altar was, they have made a cross out of the charred oak beams that were in the Cathedral, and beneath the altar is the inscription, "Father, forgive." Plans are already matured for a new Cathedral, but it will not be on the site of the old. What there is left of the old Cathedral will remain always as a tragic reminder of the stupidity and futility of war.

We made some very interesting pictures of the Cathedral, which I hope some time you may be able to see. It was one of the most impressive experiences we had all summer long.

* * *

I am writing this month's *Along the Way* three weeks before the election on November 4th. About the time you are reading this, the election will be over and the people of this country will have chosen a new president and vice-president, one-third of the United States Senate and all of a new House of Representatives. In many respects it will be a relief to have it all over, and whatever happens and whatever the decision is, I hope that all of us between November and the inauguration and the new Congress in January will get a better perspective of the serious character of our international relations and a finer understanding of our own economic and industrial problems. Whichever way it goes, there will be no miracles performed and there are no miracle men. Democracies are never saved from the top down, but from the bottom up, and after the insinuations, accusations and the vituperations of a political campaign are forgotten, let us rededicate ourselves to the basic ideals upon which our country was established. The United States will need the co-operation and the devotion and the sacrifice of every citizen of this nation. We have had good presidents and bad presidents and we shall have good presidents and bad presidents again, but good or bad, no one man can wreck this nation and no one man can save it. When the hysteria has died down and the bands have stopped playing and the speeches have all been made, there will be a more favorable atmosphere in which we can go to work and solve the serious problems which face us. There is very little constructive or creative thinking done on the part of people in the midst of the circus tactics of our national political campaigns. There should be a moratorium on all speeches between now and the inauguration. Perhaps we could recapture a sense of perspective and evaluate more accurately the situation in which we find ourselves. For anyone to suppose that the election of one man or one group of men settles the matter is absurd and ridiculous. Our country will need the best of each one of us and we should put men above political parties and principles above dollars. The next few years may decide the destiny of Western democracy.

* * *

Since returning to my work this fall, I have been busier than at any other similar time in my ministry. We began our 41st year in the pulpit of the Peoples Church on Sunday, September 21st. The inspiration of that service has given me courage to enter into the work of the winter with renewed zest and vigor. It was an inspiring welcoming-home event. A great congregation gathered and I stood after the service until 1:30, greeting old friends and new. The challenge of facing the same

congregation in one pulpit for all of these years is one which I feel increasingly. I have never permitted myself to be tyrannized by the past. I try to treat every subject in the environment of the contemporary, but with a view toward the tomorrow's of life. The loyalty and cooperation which I have from the church is what sustains me. One who has the opportunity of radio, lecturing and the pulpit should have an ever-developing sense of responsibility. The pulpit, the press, the forum, the lecture platform, are all molders and creators of public opinion, and public opinion ultimately is crystallized in public action. It is therefore necessary for one to think carefully, observe deeply, and speak courageously. This is no time for compromise. Every issue is fundamentally now a moral problem. The necessity for knowing changeless values in a constantly changing world is paramount. It is in this spirit that I face the work of the winter.

* * *

One of the most interesting occasions in which I have participated this fall was on a recent evening when I was invited by the Kent County Council of Churches of Grand Rapids, Michigan, to give the address at the service held under its auspices in the First Congregational Church of Grand Rapids, on the occasion of introducing the new Standard Revised Version of the Bible. The church was filled to overflowing and the combined choirs of several churches, numbering 125 voices, furnished the music. Several clergymen of the area participated in the service and I preached the sermon on "The Book of Life." All over the nation on that day services were being held in every village and city, commemorating the most significant event in the publishing field in more than 300 years. It also observed the 500th anniversary of the printing of the Gutenberg Bible. There have been no officially accepted versions since the King James Version in 1611. In more than 300 years words have changed their meaning, archaeological expeditions have increased our knowledge, the availability of new manuscripts and several other factors require a new version of the ancient scriptures. The truths which are contained in the Bible are frequently obscured in the use of words which no longer mean, in our modern speech, what they did 300 years ago. This has resulted in an obscurity of meaning and a misunderstanding of content. Nothing will replace the magnificent resonance and beauty of the King James version, but the new version will result in clearing up for many people difficult problems in interpretation of scripture.

Most of the Protestant denominations are cooperating in promoting the new version, and as time goes on its value will be apparent even to those who cling tenaciously to the older sentence structure. The difference is strikingly apparent when you read the King James version and the new version side by side. Everyone interested in the Bible should secure a copy of the new version. The readability of it is much simpler than the King James version, and while the chapters and the verse numbers have been retained, it has been published in a format comparable to the usual book which people read. I am convinced that after a few years of familiarity with the new version it will achieve its own place, not only in enabling one to have a more intelligent understanding of what the Bible says, but it will also accumulate the atmosphere of worship.

* * *

Never in so short a time have the demands for the funeral service been greater than this fall. I have had eight

funeral services in five days, and there is no part of my ministry which enables me to be more helpful to people than in the hour of their grief. I have made it a practice to receive a list from the church office every Sunday after church of those who are ill, and before the next Sunday I call upon every person on that list if it is physically possible, and it usually is. To be with people in illness and in grief is one of the greatest opportunities a minister has and I consider it one of the greatest challenges which I have to meet in my work. I have stood beside someone's beloved dead with only seven or eight people at a service, and perhaps the very same day would face a crowded chapel; but grief is always the same, whether the life has been an active life or whether it has been limited in its friendships and experiences. One day last week on the same day I buried a sixteen-year-old boy who had been killed on a motor-scooter, and a 93-year-old mother, later christening a little baby and, at 5:00 o'clock, performing a marriage ceremony. That is touching life, and it is out of such experiences that sermons grow, and it is from such a background that one acquires an understanding of life.

* * *

I am looking forward to the beginning of our book lectures on the first Wednesday evening in November, November 5th, at 8:00 o'clock. This will be the 20th season for the book lectures. They are the oldest continuous book lectures given anywhere in the city of Chicago. I hope you will notice the list of books I have chosen, published elsewhere in this issue. They have been chosen with great care. They are important books for this hour and I shall do my best to interpret them for you. During the time of our book lectures I have spoken on over 500 books. As I go about my work during the week, I am constantly running into people who say, "I am not a member of your church, and I have never been to a Sunday service, but I have often attended your book lectures." The other evening in South Bend I was speaking to the Men's Club of the 43rd Street Presbyterian Church, and both the ministers of that church told me that while they were students here in McCormick Seminary they attended the Wednesday Evening Book Lectures.

One never knows how widespread is one's influence. I know many students in our colleges, universities and seminaries in the Chicago area do attend the book lectures, but it is only occasionally I am able to have the personal contact. I hope that our series for our 20th season will be the best of them all. The lectures will begin promptly at 8:00 and will be over at 9:00. Of course they are always free and everyone, of every faith and creed and color, is welcome.

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Those of you who have been attending the services this fall have noticed our beautiful new choir robes and also the new choir-loft draperies. When our choir, in their new robes blending into the antique gold of the new draperies, stand to sing, it is a beautiful sight. It all came as a surprise to me. As I walked into the pulpit for the first service and looked at the choir-loft I was delighted and surprised.

I thought you might be interested to know what happened to our old choir robes. Due to the thoughtfulness of our Church Secretary, Mrs. May H. Harrison, part of the robes were taken to the Presbyterian Church in my native village of Linden, Michigan. A young student, Robert McComb, is serving the church as the minister and attending McCormick Seminary here in Chi-

cago. He and his wife live in the Manse in Linden, and he commutes weekends to his pulpit. Mrs. Harrison took several of the robes and presented them to the choir there. They were very happy to receive them. It was the first time in the history of the church that the choir had ever used robes, or that the minister had ever preached in one. Inasmuch as the old church not too long ago rebuilt its chancel, taking out the old pulpit in the center and making a lectern and pulpit on either side, with an altar table in the center of the chancel putting the choir in robes enhanced the worshipful atmosphere of the church.

Some of the robes were given to a Negro congregation in Chicago and some to a hard-working parish priest in a poor district of a Roman Catholic Church here in the city. So our Unitarian robes are now a part of a Presbyterian, a Negro, and a Catholic service of worship. That is how it ought to be.

# EUROPE'S INTEREST IN AMERICAN POLITICS

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**SEPTEMBER 28, 1952**

AS WE review the past history of the Presidential campaigns in which our country has been engaged since our founding, we find that the present campaign shares a great many similar characteristics. There are many things about our present situation which are alike and similar to situations that existed in practically every Presidential campaign this country has ever had. This is not the first campaign where there has been vilification and accusation. Those two qualities are frequently a part of all political activity. This is not the first campaign where the motives of the candidates have been impugned. This is not the first campaign in which we associate accusation and evidence of political wrong and things which are not in themselves highly moral. None of these things constitute the uniqueness of the present situation. There isn't anything strange about all this. Those of us who are at all familiar with our political history can go back, and I could give you illustrations, one after another, of political Presidential campaigns where practically everything which is taking place today in this campaign was duplicated and was the experience of the people. But there is something unique about this campaign. There is something distinctive about it and something which, to the extent which now exists, has never existed before in the history of our country. It does have a great uniqueness and it is that uniqueness with which I am primarily concerned in what I propose to say to you this morning.

That uniqueness is to be found in the unprecedented interest shown by people who are not Americans and who live in other parts of the globe and who have their own individual local problems of government to face and their own economic and industrial situations to master. This is the first time in any political campaign in the United States of America, and I think a careful analysis of every political campaign will substantiate this conclusion, in which people outside the country

and people in other countries of the world are taking an unprecedented interest. Never before were people of Great Britain more concerned about who will be elected President of the United States. Never before were the people of France more concerned than they are now. Never before were the people of Greece, of Turkey, and of Italy—never were they more concerned in their own private political campaigns than they are in this campaign of ours. Never before were the people of Central and South America looking toward north of the Rio Grande in a political campaign. Never before were the people in Mexico more interested in a campaign of ours than they are in this hour. Never before were the people in Russia so interested. We see indications of it in statements which are made and which break through from behind the Iron Curtain and which are plainly published in Pravda and Izvestia, and it is shown by the representatives of Russia in the United Nations and by the Ambassadors who come to us as did the present Ambassador—and I saw him arrive, Ambassador Gromyko, when he presented his papers to the Court of St. James's in the City of London in July.

Never before was all the rest of the world so interested in American politics as they are in this campaign. I listen to the candidates at every opportunity—every one who is running for the Presidency of the United States. I even listened to the Prohibition candidate the other day, and in some respects he made a better speech than the other two. I have listened to a great many of their speeches—all that I can listen to—I see them on television and I study their daily schedules and their activities. I am doing the best I can to see what these men are thinking about and what their speeches indicate in the way of future action and future attitudes, whoever is elevated to the highest electoral position in the free world. I hope Governor Stevenson, who is in Springfield today, and who sometimes listens to our services—he is a member of our Church—and I hope that General Eisenhower before the campaign closes, will say more, and say it more directly and more simply than has yet been said, about this future policy regarding our international relations. I have not heard from either candidate an explicit statement as to how they propose to handle some of the most difficult, intricate, and complicated international problems of this nation.

Now, there are those of us who might say, "What do we care about what Great Britain thinks about who is going to be the next President? What do we care about what France thinks, or Greece, Italy, Turkey, or Russia? We are Americans. It is our business and we don't want anybody interfering in our internal political activity at all. Therefore, it is of no consideration whatever to us what they think about our politics, and we are not concerned because they are indicating interest as to who will be elected President of the United States. Why should we be worried about it?"

Ladies and gentlemen, the interesting thing is this: That while there have been several speeches given about Yalta, Teheran, and Casablanca, there have been several explanations of the Korean war, and there have been some things said about China, most of it has been platitudinous, bromidic speeches. Most of it has not penetrated into the difficult area of being positive in decisions as to attitudes. Associated with this has been the tragic and lamentable thing that both political conventions utilized. It has been nothing less than political expediency in nominating the Vice Presidential candidates. I don't

# SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

## SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OPEN
## IN
## THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan Rd.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 7:00 P.M.

Dr. Bradley's Subject:

"TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT"

Service not broadcast

FREE PARKING back of the church
courtesy Kemper Insurance Company

* * * * *

## 20th SEASON of
## WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES
## By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
## In The Church Auditorium
## 8:00 P.M.

Nov. 5—"THE GREAT ENTERPRISE"
Harry S. Overstreet

Nov. 12—"WITHIN OUR POWER"
Raymond B. Fosdick

Nov. 19—"A DECLARATION OF FAITH"
Herbert Agar

Nov. 26—"IN ONE EAR"
Eric Sevareid

* * * * *

## COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving Morning, November 27th, 11 a.m. to 12 noon. The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor; and the Assyrian Congregational Church, Rev. Paul S. Newey, Pastor; as well as North Shore Kiwanis, the Uptown Lions Club, and other civic organizations of the city, will unite with us in the service. Dr. Bradley will preach the Thanksgiving Sermon and the Rev. Will and Rev. Newey will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.

know why it is that the able minds in both parties seem to forget that the Vice President of the United States is only a heart-beat away from the Presidency; that there is always the possibility on both sides — whoever is elected, Mr. Eisenhower or Governor Stevenson—there is the possibility of one little coronary stoppage, one little accident—the General was pretty close to a severe accident yesterday—one little clot of blood in the artery, and the Vice President of the United States becomes the President of this country. I have held, and have held repeatedly, that in these national conventions the second choice on the ticket should meet every qualification of the Presidency itself and not merely qualify by the fact that the unwritten laws of political conventions require that the candidate come from another section of the country. What kind of basis is that for selecting a Vice President of the United States? If we are looking for men and the best material, what difference does it make what his geographical position is? And yet Vice Presidents are selected because they live as far away as possible from where the Presidential candidate lives, if they can find one, and then they are selected because they can woo some political problem in the party, so it is considered a good idea for the Democrats to get a Southerner on the ticket of the party in order to hold the Southern States in line, and such balderdash as that.

Now I say it is time that we in this country became politically mature. At the moment the United States of America is in the kindergarten. It hasn't even put on long pants. When I was a boy, young boys wore short pants and the old men long pants, but today young men wear long pants and the older ones short ones. That is one of the things that happened to the world in which we live. Well, there is nothing you can do about this but I declare right here and now, and to every politician listening to me and every candidate for office who may be hearing these words and who may be in this church, I declare myself on the air before probably a million and a half listeners besides the many who are in the Church this morning, and I am making the statement without fear or favor, first because I am an Independent (I am exactly like Andy Gump—I wear no man's collar, and I have come to sufficient maturity in the sense of responsibility as a citizen—that I am going to put men above political parties and I am going to put principles above dollars) and therefore I declare myself now without any equivocation or without any reservation as opposed to ever holding another national convention by any political party in this country.

An amendment to the Constitution of the United States is already being drawn up by twenty-one Senators who have already given evidence in favor of this amendment to our Constitution. I am going to Washington, D.C., on the 21st of October. We are going over the air of our country, we are going to every State legislature in the United States, and we are going to attempt to get an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for a Presidential Preferential Primary, and let the people of the various parties select their candidates and not a lot of backroom politicians who do it on the basis of expediency. That is going to be done and will have to be done by an amendment to the Constitution. I said this in the pulpit and I said this to our men's club way last June, and I repeated it the other evening, and Mr. Springer was there, and he is in the congregation this morning, and I know I said it on that occasion, and some of

you shook your heads that "Dr. Bradley doesn't know what he is talking about"—and that will not be the first time I am accused of that—and I say it again now because it is true and it ought to be said. When a lot of people were all excited about Senator Taft, and were excited about Mr. Kefauver, Mr. Harriman, and other candidates in the parties, and you were worried and working and arguing for your respective candidates, I said to you "Why get so disturbed over it?" Now, this was said in June, the latter part, that not a single candidate working for the nomination in either party would get the nomination.

A lot of people wrote me interesting letters about their reaction: "You don't know what you are talking about." Well, I had to wait until both conventions were over to demonstrate the fact that I "did know what I was talking about." The conventions nominated one man who started out by saying, "If you want me for the Presidency, you know where I am"; and the other candidate up to the very last stated, "I don't want it anyway." And yet, out of all that, we now face the political situation that is facing this country.

Both these candidates in the light of the rest of the world and in what is going to happen to this country, should be more direct, more simple, more plain, in certain fundamental problems involved in international relations, for I say to you that the next President of the United States must work with the Congress, for we have had enough of Presidents as such, and without cooperation and consultation of the Congress, determining the foreign policy of this country. We have had enough of that, and that is why it is equally important that the American people do not get so excited about either candidate as far as what they personally can do. The problem before you, ladies and gentlemen, in this election is the problem of Congress. If you are going to get a President who will cooperate with the Congress, then the American people are going to have an opportunity that will be almost unprecedented in the last twenty-five years, and that is the sort of problem which is commanding our attention and you mark my words, the greatest problem before the next President of this country will be in the realm of international relations. That is going to be a great problem. We are interwoven with the very life and vitality of the whole free world. Don't you think for one moment that there will be any way that we can escape from that responsibility. There is none, as long as American boys are dying; as long as we are disturbed about the preservation and equilibrium of our own economy; as long as we have a 48c dollar; as long as the increase in taxation takes place; as long as these problems are so acute and pressing—not even those problems involving appropriations would be solved without first international leadership in the international fight of mankind, and I think that is one of the reasons why both candidates for the Presidency of the United States in this hour have almost the identical foreign policy. And that is interesting. I can say it and I think the evidence would substantiate it from the addresses of both candidates, that the difference between General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson in foreign policy, is the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum, and it is a question of what kind of man is going to administer that foreign policy. That is what is interesting the rest of the world. Europe knows that if American security is undermined and American economy destroyed, that Communism will sweep from the Baltic to the Atlantic, and

from the Pyrenees to the North Sea. Europe knows that. Europe is just as much interested in the people of this country maintaining security, yes, but at the same time finding a way to preserve our economy. You let the American dollar slip down to 25c, you let the tragedy of economic and industrial perversion sweep through our country, and you will see then what I mean by saying that the international problem will be on the first agenda of the next President of the United States.

That is why I should like to see both candidates, for the benefit of reviving the sagging lack of faith in our country, come out with all of the exposé of this corruption. Sometimes I think it is all a good thing, and that the more they get on each other and the more the people of the United States find it out, the better leadership we'll get in the future. Every person who felt that money could buy power and influence and inspire decision is now sneaking away. I think all this has been good. It is giving the American people an opportunity to get in the closet door. It is giving the American people an opportunity to see that no party is free from it. None can hold up clean hands, but wait until the filth of this campaign increases and hear the stories and revelations and accusations that are going to come in the next two or three weeks. This is worrying every candidate in every party. Some of them are not sleeping well nights because of the ghastly gnawing specter of fear, and that is good. It is good for the American people to have this public wash day, and get the dirty clothes out into the sunlight; and while the world cannot understand, and particularly some of the governments can't fathom all this, yet it is all good. It will help to settle some things in the future. It will put every party on the alert. It will take away the dark cover of secrecy from every man who stands for public office. It will mean the beginning of a new day for American politics and American life, in a world where you can press a button and light a continent; in a world where London, Paris, Dublin, Ankara are not farther away than the ether waves in this room; in a world where all men with hope in their hearts and freedom in their souls dream of a community of nations of men who can build the cooperative and competitive personality of a democracy. The whole world is looking at us, and they are interested as never before; so are we; and more Americans than ever before will march to that little house of sovereignty where every man is a sovereign and no one dares to wear a crown.

When he walks into that little booth alone with his conscience, he is going to vote as never before — millions who haven't voted, millions of Americans in November—and out of all the torture and the complications of the intricate character of it all will come the new birth of the America we all love, and honest, fine men will not shrug their shoulders and say "I will have nothing to do with your dirty game of politics"; the youth will not shrug their shoulders in hopeless frustration and defeatism. Women will increase their interest in the activities of good government and a better society. You will see that out of all this will come a new and a better America, and we will restore to all the peoples of the earth who are frightened at the incompetency and inefficiency of democracy, and who are cowed with the tyranny of communism, a renewal of hope, so they will turn and say, "Look at America, singing, happy, working, loving America, respecting each other's race and creed and color, working in the spirit of freedom—that is what we want. We want to be like America."

# HEAR YE!!! HEAR YE!!!

## 41st ANNUAL BAZAAR
## of the
## PEOPLES CHURCH

Thursday, November 6, All Day—
Friday, November 7, Noon to Sell-out

## An Old-Fashioned Church Bazaar

This Annual Church Bazaar has always been a great success. It has been also a great get-together of the members and friends of the church. Two days and evenings of fun, fellowship and financial aid to the church of our choice.

DR. BRADLEY WILL OFFICIALLY OPEN THE BAZAAR AFTER THE BOOK LECTURE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 5

Light refreshments will be served—15c

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, LUNCHEON, 12 to 1:30—75c.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, and FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, DINNER served from 6 to 7:30—$1.50. (Beef on Thursday, Ham on Friday.)

DONATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED UP TO CLOSING OF THE BAZAAR. THERE WILL BE BOOTHS CONTAINING EVERY SORT OF SALABLE ARTICLE. THERE WILL BE A GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF LUXURY ITEMS FROM THE STAGE OF ANDERSON HALL. DRAWINGS FOR THESE ITEMS WILL BE HELD AT MIDNIGHT FRIDAY. (Whether or not you are in the hall at the time of the drawings, if your name is drawn, you will receive the article you have drawn.)

Woman's Club Donation Tea, Monday, November 3, at 1:00 o'clock. Dr. Bradley and Mrs. Bradley will attend the Tea and the Bazaar.

BRING YOUR DONATIONS TO THE CHURCH OFFICE OR PHONE LOngbeach 1-6878.

EVERY ORGANIZATION HAS A BOOTH AT THE BAZAAR.

## 41ST ANNUAL BAZAAR

Mrs. Paul H. Raabe — General Chairman

# CHURCH NEWS

On Sunday, November 2nd, new members will be publicly received into the Church at the 11 o'clock service.

At 7 o'clock in the evening will be held the opening Sunday evening service. This marks the 27th season of Sunday evening services in the Peoples Church.

The first Wednesday in November, November 5th, Dr. Bradley will give his opening Wednesday Evening Book Lecture. This marks the 20th season of regular Wednesday Evening Book Lectures in the Peoples Church. These are the oldest continuous book lectures given in the Chicago area and the most widely attended. See the November list on page 9.

On Thanksgiving morning, Thursday, November 27th, will be held the annual community Thanksgiving service for one hour, from 11 to 12 o'clock. Rev. Benjamin M. Will and the Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist) and Rev. Paul S. Newey, and the Assyrian Congregational Church; also the Uptown Lions Club, the North Shore Kiwanis Club and other civic organizations will join with us in this community service.

At the close of the opening Wednesday Evening Book Lecture, Dr. Bradley will officially open the annual bazaar of the church, in Anderson Hall. Light refreshments Wednesday evening. The bazaar will be open all day Thursday, luncheon Thursday only 12 to 1:30, 75c. Dinner from 6 to 7:30 o'clock. Friday, November 7th, the bazaar will open at noon and dinner will be served at 6 o'clock. Dinners $1.50. Beef will be served on Thursday and ham on Friday evening. Donations will be accepted up to the closing of the bazaar.

All these events are mentioined in detail elsewhere in this issue. They are mentioned again here, in order that you may realize what an important month November is in the life of our church.

## THE WOMAN'S CLUB

On Monday, November 3rd, at 1 o'clock, the Woman's Club will hold their annual Donation Tea, with Dr. Bradley the guest speaker.

Beginning Wednesday evening after the book lecture, the Woman's Club and all the organizations of the church will be in attendance at the annual bazaar to be held in Anderson Hall. Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, president of the club, is general chairman of the bazaar, with Mrs. Charles Taber Randall as co-chairman. The bazaar will last all day and evening on Thursday and on Friday from noon until closing-out time when the drawings will be held for the luxury items which are being raffled.

On Monday, November 17th, at 1 o'clock, will be held the Public Health and Welfare Program, Mrs. Fred Klemp, chairman. The speaker will be Mrs. Charles E. Duncan, dramatic lecturer on mental illnesses as seen by the psychiatrist. For ten years Mrs. Duncan taught English and Speech at West High School in Aurora, Illinois, and has studied and trained in one of Illinois' best mental hospitals. Her topic will be "What Is Being Done About Mental Illness?" The hostesses will be Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison and Mrs. A. S. Kredler.

The Philanthropy Department, with Mrs. George H. Staub as chairman, will give a Home Arts Guild luncheon and WGN-TV show on Friday, November 21st, at 1 o'clock. The program was arranged while Mrs. James

Coughlin was chairman of philantrophy. Mrs. Coughlin has recently been elected to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. C. R. Swanson as recording secretary, and Mrs. Staub has been appointed philanthropy chairman.

This is a combination luncheon and television program. The club membership will meet at WGN at 1 o'clock for the Tommy Bartlett television show. The club will be featured on the show and from there will go in a body to the Home Arts Guild at Lake and Michigan for the luncheon. For reservations, contact Mrs. Staub at ALbany 2-6502.

## THE MEN'S CLUB

That very dynamic organization of the Peoples Church, The Men's Club, welcomes all men to its membership, whether they are members of the church or outside of it. The meetings are held on the fourth Monday of each month at 8 o'clock in Anderson Hall. The November 24th meeting will be concerned with the "Narcotic Situation in Chicago." The speaker will be one who is very familiar with the situation. His name is not available as this copy goes to press.

The meeting of October 27th was a great success. It was open to men and women. The program consisted of a debate on "The Issues of This Campaign," with Congressmen Edgar Jonas representing the Republican viewpoint and Sidney Yates the Democratic side of the question. Dr. Bradley presided at the meeting.

Mr. H. Talbot Pearson, of Boston, executive secretary of the Laymen's League, presented the club with its charter as a chapter of the league.

A call is issued by the Men's Club for ideas and actors for its January 30th show of "Fun and Nonsense." Here is your chance, men.

The Men's Club always has an interesting booth at the bazaar. Contributions for the booth are being accepted.

## PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The business women of the church hold their program meeting on the second Tuesday of each month. Their business meeting is held on the fourth Tuesday.

On November 5th (after the book lecture) and all day Thursday and Thursday evening, and from noon on Friday until midnight, the booth of the Professional and Business Woman's Club will be in operation at the annual bazaar. Gifts may be contributed to the booth throughout the bazaar. This booth has always made a splendid showing and contribution to this great event. The business women are counting on the support of their members and their friends this year, as always.

The business women are joining with other groups in the church in other events throughout the month of November, which will take the place of their regular program night of the 11th. Announcement of this will be made in the church calendar at the proper time.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Sunday School rounded out a busy month of October with its final affair the Hallowe'en party on the 31st.

November will be occupied with getting in readiness for their bazaar booth, which is always a popular spot with the church members and friends. Then toward the latter part of the month, on Friday, November 28th, they will hold a Sunday School party for the children.

The little Sunday School paper sent each month to its members, containing announcements and personal and special news, is becoming very popular.

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

**941 Lawrence Avenue**

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent.....9:30 a.m.
The Sunday School will have a booth at the Bazaar Nov. 6 and 7
A Sunday School Party for the children will be held on Friday, November 28th

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Nov 3—Annual Donation Tea. Speaker, Dr. Bradley.. 1:00 p.m.
Nov. 6 and 7—Annual Bazaar (see special notice)

Nov. 17—Program under Public Health and Welfare Department. Speaker, Mrs. Charles E. Duncan: "What is Being Done About Mental Illness?"..... 1:00 p.m.

November 21—Program under Philanthropy Department. WGN-TV Show—Luncheon, Home Arts Guild..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—November 24th—"The Narcotic Situation in Chicago".... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—
Nov. 6 and 7th—Booth at Annual Bazaar, Wednesday night..... 9:00 p.m.
Thursday, Nov. 6th, all day and evening, and Friday, November 7th—noon until midnight

November 11th. Regular meeting. Watch church calendars for announcement of program..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
*In Memoriam*

Channing Club (young people of High School Age) Meets
1st and 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave.
CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast. ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

# The Liberalist

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# EDITORIAL

EVERYWHERE I went in Europe this summer, I found a new day of hope. While there haven't been too great changes, (particularly in Great Britain, where they are still only getting four ounces of meat a week, one egg a week, and where candy and sweets are all rationed,) yet I heard no complaints at all. The only thing worrying them is they cannot find outlets for their own products.

They said to me, "Dr. Bradley, we don't want your dollars. Let us build and manufacture and produce our own products and let us be able to sell them, for we would rather sell our products, created by our own capital investment and our own labor cooperation than we would to receive anybody's charity."

The people of Europe are convinced that war can be prevented, and that Russia has already been stopped and the smoldering revolutions are already beginning in Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland; and that the Kremlin is worried as it has never been worried. And thousands of young people all over the world are getting to know each other; we saw hundreds of them in the historic places of Great Britain and Scotland and France on their bicycles, and walking, getting to understand each other, until a plan for the confederation of Europe, under the inspiration of Mr. Stock of Belgium and Mr. Churchill of Britain has become a chafing fire. It is not going to a United States of Europe economically or culturally or in the sense of language—it never can be that—but it is going to be a United States of Europe —an economic and industrial program. And the people are beginning to recognize it and to co-operate with it. And the new impulse which came to them in the organization of the European Army and with the definite statement to all who would jeopardize freedom with tyranny that they would be resisted to the hilt, has already had a modifying effect upon all those who seek for world tyranny.

I believe that proper economic and industrial co-operation, not in the nature of millions or billions of dollars, but in assisting in the economic unification and industrialization from the point of view of the unity of Europe, will be the great contribution of the free world. Then we can go on building the house that we all want to live in—the House of Peace.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

AS many of my friends know, from 1:00 o'clock Sunday, October the 12th until 9:30 o'clock Saturday night, October 18th, I watched over my Aunt Harriette (Mrs. W. Arthur Thomson), while she was approaching and finally passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On Tuesday, October 21st, at 1:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley officiated at her funeral service. "It was the most unique, the most beautiful and most personal service I have ever heard. That service will stay with me a long, long time. I can't get it out of my mind." Those were the words my brother said about the service. As we listened, even through our grief, I felt that no matter how many miles some of the friends might have come to the service, it was so well worth it to them, personally, as well as to me, just that they might hear Dr. Bradley's message, so universal in its application to all humanity at such a time—a time which we all must pass through.

I should like our readers to know just a little bit about Aunt Harriette, who was to me as my Mother.

Aunt Harriette always felt she had to do the managing of everything that went on in our household. She watched over my affairs, even up to the last, as though I were a six-year-old, but always because she was so interested; wanted to be sure things went right with me, and that I got the best deal possible, always;—I was her charge. At the same time, though she didn't know it, she was my charge—a sort of child of mine to look after.

Through the recent years she let me know, bit by bit, without talking it all out at any one time, what she wanted done at the end. She wanted, above all things, to have Dr. Bradley. He told us that day at the funeral, how she told him when the time came, she didn't want any "shilly-shally" at her funeral. She was always very realistic, very direct in her speech, as everyone who knew her realizes.

She let me know what dress she thought would be appropriate, and became very saving and careful of it the last month, as she felt herself growing weaker. Though she dreaded death above all things, she felt she couldn't last much longer.

She didn't think anybody living really *knew* anything about what happened afterward. She loved poetry, and once told me she would like Bryant's "Thanatopsis" read at the services. Had me read it to her two or three different times. I do so love it myself . . .

"By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In the hospital, two days after it all happened (she had fallen and broken her hip, and this was the fourth member she had broken in the last five years:—first it was one arm, then a year later the other arm, and a year

later her hip, and this was the other hip) she said, looking straight at me: "Ethel, how are you going to go through all this?" I said, "Oh, we'll go through it together. The doctor is going to get you all fixed up so you will walk around at home again." She looked at me and said, in a scoffing tone: "And do you believe that?" I said, "Yes, I really do." She said, "You're so gullible!"

Aunt Harriette has always made her home a refuge for any of the relatives in trouble, or who needed a place to stay—always! Two of her sisters died in her home, as did also a sister's husband. A brother used to bring all his guests there to be entertained. And I give a lot of credit to dear Uncle Art (who passed on two summer's ago) for never making that impossible, but always acquiescing with it.

She always made her home bright and cozy. She liked diamonds because they sparkled; taffeta because it rustled, and music boxes because they tinkled—she loved life, and merriment, and liveliness; so she hated old age, and to be considered old—she rebelled against it with an awful rebellion!

When I was packing up the little things I had taken over to the hospital to her, because someone else needed the room, and with her little body not yet cold there on the bed, I took out of the drawer a little musical powder box I had given her last Christmas. It was tight shut, and I held it tightly so it would not make any noise, as though I feared it might awaken her to more pain—but the little box started tinkling and played about seven little notes. My dear friend who was with me said: "It just wanted to say goodbye to her, Ethel." And I guess it did.

My Aunt took my brother and me to live with her when my Mother died. Mother had mentioned having my brother (Horace Wells Smalley) stay with Aunt Harriette and having me go to another Aunt (Myra Walley), her sister. But Aunt Myra had two children of her own, so Aunt Harriette took us both. I have learned so much that is fine from Aunt Harriette and her sparkling, hospitable spirit.

When she was on the floor in the bedroom where she had fallen, and was telling me she knew her hip was broken, and that this was the end, she said: "Wherever I am, I shall always be with you." Strange she should say that, because every time I had thought of her leaving me some day, that very truth had always come to me. "She will always be leaning over my shoulder, guiding me. She will always be with me." Later, in the hospital she said "I hate to go away and leave you." I know she added to it silently, "because I want to protect you."

A month before she had privately told my dear friend Elfrieda Stewart that she was worried because there was no one to look after me if she went. (My brother does not live in Chicago, so she felt there was no one near.) Elfrieda said to her, "I will always keep an eye on Ethel for you," and one evening in the hospital, when Elfrieda came to visit, Aunt Harriette looked straight at her, and then pulled her down to her and kissed her.

My heart is overflowing with gratitude to all my friends: To Dr. Bradley, for having a lovely visit with Aunt Harriette in the hospital and for being so considerate through it all; and for that exquisite understanding and presentation of Aunt Harriette's real character at the services: to my brother for coming from St. Louis and being with me those few days when I needed him most; to my dear friend, Elfrieda Stewart, for staying with me through it all, and calling for me late at the hospital every night and being such a comfort in my hour of greatest need;

to Dr. Samuel Burrows, for his kind understanding and consideration; to all my friends of the church, throughout every organization of it, to friends of long standing and new friends; and to all my dear Dale Carnegie Club International friends. They all were so kind, so faithful and so understanding.

I did not say goodbye to Aunt Harriette, and I do not do so now. She who mothered me all my life will always be with me, and I shall always love her. I merely put a rose at her throat, wrapped the draperies of her couch about her, and said goodnight, as she lay down to sleep.

# BOOK CHATS

LAST May Rinehart & Company published a book entitled *The Black Market,* by Marshall B. Clinard, professor of sociology of the University of Wisconsin. In a sub-title, Mr. Clinard calls his book "A study of white collar crime," and in a preface he tells us this is not a story of one of the more pleasant aspects of American life. I quote from his preface: "It describes a situation on the home front during World War II which seems almost inconceivable when compared with the sacrifices of the men in the armed forces. During the war at least a million cases of black market violations were dealt with by the government. Illegal profits ran into billions of dollars. Business interests and the government vied with one another in estimating the seriousness of the black market; business estimates, curiously, often being higher than those of the government. Such extensive conniving in the black market in illegal prices and rationed commodities took place among so many business men, ordinary criminals, and even average citizens that serious questions might be raised as to the strength of the moral fiber of the American people. Black market violations of law were on such a grand scale that the American people, instead of forgetting about them after the war, should have felt the same concern that they feel about the periodic investigations of organized crime and the corruption of public officials and politicians. . . . In this, the first book to describe the extent and nature of the black market, I have tried to present an objective appraisal of the entire situation. I have particularly emphasized the black market in meat, gasoline, and rent, and in the case of gasoline I have shown how there was extensive collusion between filling-station operators and professional criminals who sold them stolen and counterfeit ration currency. . . . I have discussed the implications of these past experiences for future national emergencies. . . . The material presented in this book demonstrates the similarity between some of this wartime disregard for law and ordinary criminal activities, insofar as both constitute violation of law. . . . One important implication of this book is that a wider development of business ethics will do more than anything else to convince the American people of the integrity of American business."

The author, Marshall B. Clinard, is Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin. He says his interest

in the black market was the result of work he did with the Enforcement Department of the Office of Price Administration in Washington, D.C., from December, 1942, until September, 1945. As Chief of the Analysis and Reports Branch, he had the opportunity of gathering and interpreting material, as well as observing other aspects of the problem. The author tells us that while that experience was invaluable to him, he has tried to approach the issues in as unbiased a manner as possible.

*The Black Market* was published by Rinehart & Company in May of 1952.

* * *

I was especially interested in noting the remark of Mr. Clinard, the author of the above-mentioned book, that "a wider development of business ethics will do more than anything else to convince the American people of the integrity of American business."

I had received the same thought from a book I had just finished, *The Folks at Home,* by Margaret Halsey, published by Simon and Schuster September 15th.

Perhaps this is the best possible time for publishing these two books, both *The Black Market* and *The Folks at Home,* by two different authors. I say it may be the best possible time to publish these books, because this is election year. In an election year, and shortly before election, is the one time when, perhaps more than any other, people in general are more alert to the condition of their country, and of civilization in general.

The thesis of *The Folks at Home* is that in America two ideals are at war: one is the Judeo-Christian ethic of love and brotherhood taught to the child in the home and in Sunday School; the other the business ethic, which is aggressive, competitive and skeptical, and that the only measure of success is one's ability to make money.

Perhaps one's first thought will be, on reading Margaret Halsey's indictment of our businessmen's society, that she is too hard on business. We all know fine businessmen, you will say, and that is true.

There is so much that is just and true in the author's indictment that I believe even the "fine" businessman will not put the book down once he has started to read it.

Margaret Halsey sincerely feels that what is making so many nervous wrecks in America is the conflict of trying to live with and pacify in one personality these two opposing ethics.

This is a book to make the reader think, from the first page to the last, and any book which arouses one as does *The Folks at Home* does a distinct service.

The object of writing her book is so that her four-year-old daughter, when she is older, will know what kind of period in our history her parents were living through when she was growing up; why they were confused; what the background of their existence was that made them act as they did. She never leaves her central theme from beginning to end of the book and, if you approach the book with an open mind and without prejudice the deep thinking it arouses may have a wholesome effect and a humbling one on the reader, no matter what his or her beliefs or prejudices may be.

* * *

The hundreds and hundreds of friends of Sam Campbell, known from coast to coast as the "Philosopher of the Forest," will be delighted to know that on the 13th of October was published his latest book. He calls it "Nature's Messages," with a sub-title of "A Book of Wilderness Wisdom." It is a book of some 221 pages, with over

50 exquisite photographs of wild life and nature studies. For the exquisite photographs alone, one would want to own the book. I thought as I thumbed through it how very valuable this book is to parents who would like to acquaint their youngsters with some of the wild life that is unfamiliar to them.

In "A Message From the Author" Mr. Campbell tells the reader: "The sanctuary of Wegimind is my forest home—a few hundred tree-covered acres lying within the Nicolet National Forest in northern Wisconsin. It is a simple, natural woodland, unembellished with landscaping and elaborate human planning. There are trails that thread their way through legions of trees—hemlock, pine, spruce, cedar, balsam, maple, oak and birch — and minor roads have been developed as an aid to fire control; otherwise nature is left free to run her course.

"Wegimind is the Ojibway word for 'mother.' The name 'Sanctuary of Wegimind' was selected to honor the memory of my serene, thoughtful, spiritually minded mother whose love of nature always has been an inspiration to me. It was she who first introduced me to the woods; and it was she who made me realize that animal wildness is but a form of fear, and that kindness and patience will reveal a fine phase of animal nature hidden to cruel or misunderstanding treatment.

"In the sylvan mansions of the Sanctuary live many forest folk—bear, wolf, coyote, wildcat, deer, beaver, otter, and smaller creatures. My primary purpose in establishing this woodland home was to carry on my study of these living animals. To create an atmosphere favorable to this study, the area was closed to hunting and trapping. Opportunity followed to gain the friendship of many wild creatures, thereby to get a clearer understanding of their characters and intelligence.

"While seeking the secrets of nature I have watched the salutary effects of stillness and peace on human hearts and minds. I have seen the overpowering beauty of dawns and sunsets reach into troubled breasts and heal hurts that were thought beyond medicine and philosophy. And I have seen those burdened with grief take on the silence of the forests aisles until they could hear that still, small voice which lifts hope and faith with wordless assurance.

"Our woodland acres are still dedicated to the study of forest creatures, but I realize this is but a means to an end. In Nature's Messages I have endeavored to record what this way of living really means to the mind of man."

Sam Campbell is a good friend of mine and of the Peoples Church. We have heard him in our church on many occasions and have seen his beautiful pictures. I know he will not object to my quoting one more passage from his book:

This is from his chapter which he calls "Rendezvous":

"Then the sacred moment will come. All the forest will take on a deeper silence, and out of the stillness will come the clear bell-like song of the olive-backed thrush. I shall catch my breath, my heart will pound in excitement, but I shall force calmness that I may hear again the song supreme. It will start low, rising in both tone and volume through a series of perfectly rhythmed musical semicircles, pausing briefly between the phrases to dwell beautifully on dual tones.

"For an hour I shall listen, answering only with my thoughts. I shall not seek the singer; our rendezvous is with love and beauty, not a personal appointment. And this meeting is inward-

ly compelled, for as I return north from circling about in the world, so does the songster, and instinct guides us both back to this valley.

"The song will cease and, as I climb the hill to return to the Sanctuary that day, I shall breathe forth a prayer of gratitude—gratitude that in highly developed instinct is the unquestionable evidence of Supreme intelligence ruling the universe."

I know you will want to own Sam Campbell's "Nature's Messages," published by Rand, McNally & Co.

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# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

### SEPTEMBER

7—First Congregational Church, Cook, Minnesota
8—Address. Arrowhead Civic Club, Duluth, Minnesota
Three radio addresses. KOAL—WXER—WEBC, Duluth, Minnesota
14—St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ft. William, Canada
18—Address. U. S. Steel Co. Award Dinner, Gary Hotel, Gary, Ind.
Sick Call
20—Two funerals
Address. Exec. Com. Board of Directors, Izaak Walton League. LaSalle Hotel
Funeral call
21—Opening service, Peoples Church. Beginning of 41st year
Christening
Address. Bethesda Baptist Church, 53rd and Michigan
22—Funeral
Attended funeral service of Manuel Ramme
Address. Opening meeting of Men's Club, Peoples Church
23—Funeral
Hospital calls
24—Funeral
Address. Izaak Walton League Club House, South Bend, Ind.
25—Funeral
26—Funeral
Address. Junior League, Fortnightly Club
28—Morning service. Peoples Church
Address. Willard Methodist Church, Oak Park, Illinois. 5th year of opening the Sunday Evening Forum
29—Funeral
Opening Luncheon, Woman's Club, Peoples Church. Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address. Peoples Church. Benefit for Church Choir Robes
30—Address. Kent Council of Churches, Grand Rapids, Michigan, First Congregational Church. Introducing New Standard Revised Edition of the Bible

### FUNERALS

20—Mary Gibb Kerting
Joseph Platt
22—Manuel F. Ramme, attendance
Joseph L. Hartman
23—Arnold Shircliffe
24—Charles Lugge
25—Mrs. Nora Baker
26—Mrs. Clara Ripke
29—Mrs. Amanda Kramer

### BURIAL SERVICE

9—Mrs. Raye K. Jones of Chicago and Lake Vermilion. Ashes deposited in Big Bay, in Lake Vermilion, at her request. In 1949 Dr. Bradley consigned the ashes of her husband, Mr. George Jones, in the same part of the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had spent many summers on the lake, and requested this disposition of their ashes.

### CHRISTENINGS

10—Daniel Walter Lappala, born at Cook, Minnesota, Sept. 20, 1949
John Scott Lappala, born at Cook, Minnesota, May 24, 1952
Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dan L. Lappala, Christened at Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota, on Sept. 10, 1952
21—Jennifer Sloan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sloan

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